

THE
HEART
OF THE
ROSE

PS
3525
.A255
H4
1913

ABEL A. McKEE

~~Anderson College and Theological Seminary~~

PS 3525 .A255 H4 1913
McKee, Mabel Anne
Heart of the rose

ANDERSON UNIVERSITY



3 2197 01026244 8

Anderson C

Personal Property

James Olt

Anderson College and Theological Seminar

The
Heart
of the
Rose

Anderson College and Theological Seminar

The Heart of the Rose

By

^{rne}
MABEL A. MCKEE, 1886-



NEW YORK CHICAGO TORONTO
Fleming H. Revell Company
LONDON AND EDINBURGH

Copyright, 1913, by
FLEMING H. REVELL
COMPANY . . .

New York: 158 Fifth Avenue
Chicago: 17 North Wabash Ave.
London: 21 Paternoster Square
Edinburgh: 75 Princes Street

ANDERSON COLLEGE
LIBRARY
ANDERSON, INDIANA

PS
3525
.A255
H4
1913

The Heart of the Rose



HE was her brother.
The thought gave her the same thrill this morning as it had given her on a morning seventeen years back, when the old family doctor had laid a tiny bundle in her arms and said, "You'll have to be his sister and mother both, Elizabeth."

Her twelve years then

The hung heavily on her ; her
Heart little face, stained with the
of the marks of recent tears, took
Rose on a warmer glow as she
touched the baby's hand.
She had unfolded the baby
blanket and slipped on his
first little clothes. And as
she dressed him, she felt a
sense of loss ; with every
fresh garment he seemed to
become less of an angel and
more of a human being.
The same feeling of loss
was now in her heart as
she folded his great Indian
blankets, slipped his pho-
tographs into the case and

filled the nooks and crevices of his trunk with "little surprises" to drive away the first bitter longings for home. She lifted a thick white wool sweater; it brought the memory of a little soft flannel shirt. She buried her face in its folds and murmured in a tearful voice, "Why, he is my man brother and I am sending him from home to college."

The
Heart
of the
Rose

His foot sounded on the stairway; his clear boyish voice called, "Beth, where are you?"

The Heart of the Rose Before she could answer he entered the room. Throwing several bundles onto the bed, he gave a sigh of relief. He tugged impatiently at the strings as he explained: "These are some things the girls made me. It's great to be going away, isn't it? Why, I feel just like I was getting out of a cage; I feel like I was going to fly. Say, what is this, anyway?"

He held up a small book, shaped to resemble the bud of a flower. It was made of white water-colour paper

and every leaf was fastened to the other leaves by small white cords. On the front was the picture of a baby ; on the back was a pair of black kid doll shoes.

The
Heart
of the
Rose

“Where did you get it?”
his sister asked.

“Rose gave it to me ; she told me a long time ago that she was making me a book of memories ; that I was to open just one page a week. That’s my baby picture, all right, but why on earth has she put those doll slippers on the back ? And why is it shaped in

The this funny way? What
Heart makes girls such queer crea-
of the tures, anyway, Beth?"
Rose

She laughed. "I guess, Floyd, if this is a book of memories, that last page is to picture the last great event of your life—your graduation night. Don't you remember how your new patent leathers pinched your feet, so that you limped across the platform after your diploma? It is shaped like a rosebud, for it is like that. Every week you will open a new petal, and finally, when you have

opened them all, it will be a full-blown rose. When you come back Rose will have unfolded a few petals, too.”

The
Heart
of the
Rose

“Well, I am going to unfold every one of these right now. I never could wait that long to see what is in the centre. Of course I have a vague idea, but I want to be sure. So in two minutes we will know this mystery.”

“No,” she said firmly, taking the book from his hand. “What would the book mean to you then, Floyd? Every particle of

The the pleasure—the expecta-
Heart tion—would be gone. It
of the took Rose a long time to
Rose make this book and you
surely would not destroy its
value in a few minutes. She
even formed every leaf like
a petal, so that it would
give you the pleasure of
watching it unfold like a
real rose. It is just a sym-
bol of herself—a little bud
of promise.”

“She’s great to think of
all that; I like her. Oh,
she and Dorothy are going
to stop a minute to-night;
Dot has something for me

and I want them to see some of my things. But I do want to open this book. I guess I will give it to you to keep until I am ready to shut this trunk, so it won't be such a temptation. But let's eat pretty soon ; I am simply starved."

The
Heart
of the
Rose

At the supper table he talked incessantly of his departure. One moment he wished that she could go along ; the next he exulted over the idea of being in a house with a crowd of fellows. While he talked a boy came to the door and

The Heart of the Rose was dragged in by a ruthless hand. While they ate quantities of hot waffles they talked of the "fellows and girls." For the most part they talked of the girls. The sister heard new phrases—a new language; he had always used a different one to her. They spoke of girls as "four-flushers," as "easies," as "stiffs" and "stand-patters." Occasionally Floyd stopped in the centre of a remark and nodded his head warningly towards his sister, but the talkative John rambled on, speaking in a

free and easy way of the girls he had grown up with.

The
Heart
of the
Rose

During the last year Floyd had ceased to talk to his sister about his girl friends, and they seldom came to his home. In her presence his comrades talked continually of school; but if she was busy near she could hear them laughing and chatting in tones different from the ones they used when she was there. She had tried in every way she could to attract them to her home, for formerly they had

The come in great crowds. But
Heart Floyd did not seem to want
of the them ; he preferred going
Rose to their homes. At times
she wondered if she had
been in their way when they
had come.

When the two girls came
she greeted them warmly ;
they had belonged to the
crowd which had come in
the past often for cookies
and for help in long, knotty
problems. Then, thinking
they might not remain if
she was present, she went
into the next room.
Through the open door she

watched them. She could not help watching; she had been deprived of all her girlhood and now she wanted to enjoy theirs.

The
Heart
of the
Rose

Dorothy, a dimpled, laughing girl with great, brown eyes and masses of curls which were always rumpled, threw her hat into a chair and was soon seated between the two boys, showing them the posters she had made for Floyd. The sister saw Floyd move very close to the girl and lay his hand on her shoulder with a caressing movement; she

The
Heart
of the
Rose

caught the glance that he
gave—a glance full of bold
admiration and meaning.

Rose stood near the table,
watching the other girl. In
her eyes was a look of long-
ing, and yet it was mingled
with fear. The three on the
sofa soon drew her into their
circle. John was open in
his admiration of both girls;
he tried to distribute his
caresses with an impartial
hand, but the little Rose
drew away with that ex-
pression of dread in her
eyes. Floyd was not so
bold; he lightly laid his

hand on her hand, and when she did not resent it clasped it more firmly. Her face flushed, but she suffered the hand to remain.

The
Heart
of the
Rose

Elizabeth was called from the room by some visitors. When they had finally gone she came back to her former seat. She saw a new brother a different one from the one she knew. He was talking in a boisterous tone.

"When are you going to kiss me good-bye, Dot?" he asked.

"Right at the station," she answered laughingly.

The "Honour bright?" he
Heart asked.

of the "Honour bright," she
Rose promised.

"You are all right," he
exclaimed. "Rose is too
bashful for that." Then he
hinted, "But you see I am
going to take her home to-
night."

Rose coloured as he
gave her a significant
look. She pushed his hand
from her arm and walked
to the piano. But there
was a wavering, an un-
certainty in her face. He
had been her comrade so

long and she really liked The
him. Heart
of the
Rose

The watching sister made a quick decision. When the girls rose to go, she stood up saying, "Floyd, I want you and John to watch the house. I have to see Rose's mother to-night; to-morrow you can see the girls again."

There came a flush of annoyance on the boyish face, followed by one of anger. He knew his sister had been listening. But he was still too loyal to criticize her to John, who, when

The they were alone, openly de-
Heart nounced her for her med-
of the dling.
Rose

When she returned Floyd was alone. He sat sulky and silent. She busied herself with the household cares for a few minutes. Soon she went over to the lounge and sat down beside him. She put her arm around him and kissed his forehead. "Let's don't be angry on our last night," she begged.

"Why did you do it?" he asked. "I know you

heard what I said to Rose, The
but what is she to you?" Heart
of the
Rose

"A great deal," she responded, "but not so much as the boy I love so dearly—the boy I have been a mother to, and yet I haven't been a true mother, for I never have talked to you of these things because they were hard. You see I have failed in my duty."

Instantly he was all tenderness. He drew her down into his boyish long arms and laid his head against hers. "You have not failed in anything, you

The darling!" he cried. "But
Heart it wouldn't hurt me. I'm
of the a man. All the fellows do
Rose that way."

"How do you know?"

"They tell about it. We don't all talk about it in a crowd, but just when we are together, like John and me."

"Does John treat Rose that way?"

The boy grew warm in a minute. "He'd better not; he went too far to suit me to-night."

"Why did he?" she asked quietly. "You were rather free towards Dorothy."

“Dorothy is different; The
she’s a—she’s—well, she’s a Heart
jolly good fellow, but Rose of the
—well, I like Rose, and Rose
every fellow better keep his
hands off her. I don’t want
a girl all the fellows can
love; but I’m different.
Those things don’t hurt
a fellow; he’s coarser and
—well, it’s expected of
him.”

“But they do hurt you,”
she said. “The little book
of memories that Rose gave
you this afternoon told a
story of its own. I am go-
ing to tell you this story.”

The He looked away into the
Heart distance, and she began.
of the
Rose

“Once there was a man
who went into a garden.
All around him were beau-
tiful roses of all colours.
But he chose a little white
bud for his. He chose it
because it was pure and
white, but most of all be-
cause it was closed. No
other person could see into
its heart. While he was
waiting for it to unfold he
walked around to enjoy the
other flowers. He studied
their colouring and he

breathed their perfume. The
For a long time he enjoyed Heart
this; then he wanted to get of the
nearer to these roses, to Rose
handle them. Other trav-
ellers were handling them
and they seemed to enjoy
themselves more than he
did. So he touched one
rather timidly; others he
was not so careful with. At
last he grew tired and wan-
dered back to his own rose-
bud and lo! it had opened.
It stood the whitest and
most fragrant rose in the
garden, and its heart was
the dewiest and most ten-

The der. But he remembered
Heart the crimson roses and it
of the seemed too white. Then
Rose he could not detect its fragrance, for he had killed his sense of smell by its abuse with the other roses, some of which stood as high and beautiful as before, but others were left bruised and broken by his ruthless desire to please, yes, to indulge himself. As he plucked his own rose, he was aware of no sense of joy over it, except from pride, for many travellers cast him envious glances.

But he could not see its un-
usual beauty ; he could not
get the fragrance from its
heart, because his sense of
sight had been dulled by
the brilliancy of the other
flowers and his sense of
smell by their odour.

The
Heart
of the
Rose

“ Nor did he think of the
little buds in the garden
that he had touched and
then left. They would per-
haps open, but the petals he
had touched would always
be brown and torn. The
passers-by might not see
them when the flowers had
opened and revealed their

The hearts, but the men who had
Heart plucked them would—not
of the at once, but when they had
Rose become less entranced and
were seeking for defects.
Then perhaps they would
throw the roses away. But
the man who had the per-
fect rose—the one which
was perfect because it had
been well protected—did
not know of the havoc he
had wrought. He was too
much interested in wonder-
ing why he did not enjoy
his rose, why it seemed so
commonplace and really
tiresome. He did not know

that it was he who had become unable to appreciate it, through his own indulgence begun in an idle moment, while he had waited for his flower to blossom."

The
Heart
of the
Rose

She paused to look into his face. He was listening. Then she went on :

" You say you are a man ; you have only thought of one side ; you have only wanted the perfect rose. You may get one, but if you do it will be one which has been carefully guarded. You are not intending to

The break or bruise the other
Heart roses; you are just going
of the to handle them because the
Rose other boys do. You will
enjoy their fragrance, but
you will leave wounded
petals. Then after a time,
if you travel far enough into
the garden, you will grow
indifferent to the havoc you
are doing and will carelessly
crush the flowers. You
may grow so cruel that you
will enjoy it. There are
men who do, and they
started out as free from
intention to harm as you
were to-night. You ca-

ressed Dorothy ; John ca-
ressed her. The next boy
who comes along will find
it easier to be free with her,
and unless there is some
one who cares enough to
guard her she will be torn
from the stem before she
has blossomed. If you had
kissed Rose to-night it
would have been easy for
you to kiss her again. You
haven't yet, have you? ”

The
Heart
of the
Rose

He shook his head.

“ I am so glad,” she con-
tinued. “ It will be so much
better for her. If she per-
mits you these familiarities

The
Heart
of the
Rose

she will permit others the same ones. She may soon become as reckless as Dorothy, and then we dare not think of the future. You can see now what a wonderful flower she promises to make. She is a perfect little bud. Would you not hate to think that you were spoiling the promise of that bud ?”

“Forgive me for being so cross,” he begged.

“Yes, dear,” and she kissed his lips. “But we are going to look at your side now. God made you

so that you have certain The
desires, certain cravings, Heart
that you are to control. of the
Many men will say that Rose
they are only to be satisfied,
but we know better. The
first kiss you give to a girl
thrills you—really it is one
of the greatest minutes of
your life. The next girl you
kiss seems less of a pleas-
ure. Then after a while it
becomes a mere habit; it
loses all sense of enjoyment
—the holiness has long
since been done away with.
Stronger desires than kiss-
ing arise and soon you are

The not the man God intended
Heart you to be. You will have a
of the low idea of women. Even
Rose your wife, if you get the
sweetest and purest in the
world, will not seem so to
you. Marriage will not be
a sacred fulfillment ; it will
be a commonplace event."

His arms had tightened
around her, but he was
silent.

"And," she continued,
"your future career as a
man will be touched. You
cannot think clearly or act
quickly when any of the
senses of your body have

been impaired. Lust kills The
ambition, ability and power. Heart
I do not mean that every of the
boy who starts in this way Rose
has the same fatal ending,
but a great many do. There
is the half-way place where
many men stop; yet you
will find they are not real
men. It will be so much
holier and better to stay at
the beginning."

She sat silent, waiting for
him to speak. At last he
did. "Of course, Beth, I
wouldn't want to go even
half-way, now; I wouldn't
even want to touch"—and

The a tender smile played around
Heart his lips—"any roses but
of the one. But I cannot see yet
Rose why I can't let her know
that I care for her ; I will
be constant. I want to like
her and I want her to like
me."

She drew a sharp breath.
"You mean you will crush
the petals of your own rose,
and then enjoy the heart
when it is opened. When
you come back you may
not even want to see that
heart ; you are just a boy.
If you do, there will be
times when you will see

those crushed petals and be sorry. You may blame yourself, but you will probably blame Rose. You may grow so discontented that you will blame another man. If you know she allowed you these caresses, these little familiarities, you will think she would allow others.”

He spoke with pride. “I know Rose.”

“We will look at it from her side. After she realizes those petals have been crushed by you she may be afraid of the future. She

The
Heart
of the
Rose

The
Heart
of the
Rose

may be afraid that you have wandered far into the garden and come back to her a worn-out traveller. She may be afraid that you will not appreciate her and that you will not deal rightly with her."

He laughed. "I am not afraid of that."

"Other girls just as constant in their friendship as Rose have felt that way," she said in a low voice.

"What do you mean?" he asked.

"My dear boy, I have a few wilted petals and I know

how they feel. You see, The
I was like you are. There Heart
was no one to guard me of the
and I did just what any Rose
girl will do who does not
think. But I realized in
time to save myself from
only a few brown ones, and
I want to save every girl I
can. We were young and
thought we knew our hearts.
My, how they changed!
But they couldn't change
those bruised petals."

He gave a hurt cry, but
he saw a face free from suf-
fering. It held only love
for him.

The Heart of the Rose "Floyd, I want to give the world a noble man. That is the dearest wish of every woman. I want to give some woman a pure husband; and oh, my darling boy, I want to give you life in its best and purest forms. I put the first little garment on your little body; I changed you from a little angel to a human being, and I must care for that human being."

"You angel!" he murmured.

She lifted his chin and looked into his clear eyes.

"I promise," he said in The
a low tone. Heart

"It will not be easy, dear. of the
Rose

You will have to refuse to
listen to other boys, you
will have to read only good
books and you will have
to think pure thoughts.
Rose's little book will help
you. You can see the baby
that I am trying to keep
pure and help me do it;
you can see those doll shoes
and remember how you
suffered on the night you
wanted to be happy, be-
cause you wanted to do as
'the fellows' did. You

The
Heart
of the
Rose

were so anxious to know what was in the heart of the rose book. I do not know, but she did tell me this. On the second petal—and you must look at it every day—is the little picture of Sir Galahad which your first teacher gave you. Do you remember it ? ”

The boy smiled dreamily as he quoted—

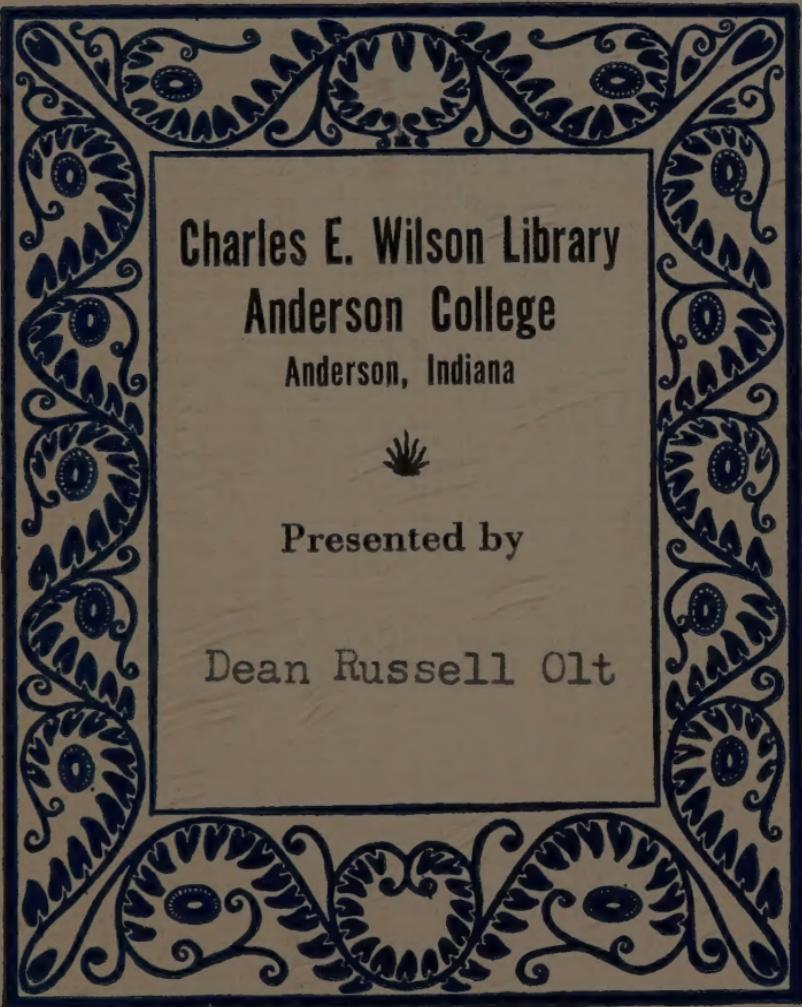
“ My strength is as the strength of ten,
Because my heart is pure.”

Printed in the United States of America

ANDERSON COLLEGE
LIBRARY
ANDERSON, INDIANA

~~Anderson College and Theological Seminary~~

ANDERSON COLLEGE
LIBRARY
ANDERSON, INDIANA



Charles E. Wilson Library
Anderson College
Anderson, Indiana



Presented by

Dean Russell Olt



08-ADH-096

